

Pilgrim Lodge
“Wilderness Awakenings”

Moosehead Lake

July 8 - 14, 2007



“On The Way”



At the Rockwood Boat Landing we take a group photo before launching the Heron and Loon boats onto Moosehead Lake

Trip Leaders:

Jack Davidson
Corie McCarthy
Mike Seavey

The Boats:

Heron by Harry Sylvester
Loon by Ron Young

Campers:

Hannah Blatchford
Joshua Dill
Andrew Hunter
Ian Hunter
Alex McLeod
Ashley Pillsbury-Coyne
Nick Soloway
Kim Stewart
Tim Strain
Kegan Zema

The Log Book

Sunday & Monday, July 8 - 9

Yesterday we arrived at PL. We had lunch and then packed the oars and boats with our stuff for the trip to Rockwood. Ten minutes out we realized we had left all the meat behind and had to go back. We made three pit stops on the way. We were an hour and half later getting to Rockwood. We launched the Loon and Heron and got to the island two hours later, set up camp, had burgers, and went to bed at 11:30.

We got up and got going at 7:00 am. We had eggs and bacon for breakfast and then set up the other kitchen. Then we had morning watch and lunch. ~ Josh ~



The campers talking things over



The Loon with Tim, Alex, Nick and Ian



Repacking the Heron with gear



Tim and Corie navigate the Loon to Hardscrabble Point



Heading out of Rockwood with Kim and Andrew having their first time with the oars as we rowed towards Hardscrabble Point the sun was setting over Moosehead Lake.



Hannah and Josh rowing the Heron



Andrew rowing as the sun sets



We pause to see our first sunset on Moosehead Lake

Monday afternoon and evening, July 9

It started raining in the afternoon and we had to put tarps up. Some of the guys slept while the rest of us played "Mafia". Ian got very into the game and accused everyone. Then we played a few rounds of psychologist. At around 8 P.M. we started dinner and sat around reading and playing cards.

~ Kim ~

Tuesday, morning July 10

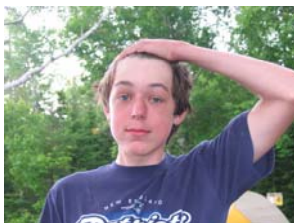
It was nice today, for once. I woke up and it was sunny and warm. We all, after breakfast, laid on the beach in the sun. Tim and Alex did morning watch at the beach. It was well thought out and they picked some pretty awesome songs. Today we finally got to row. It was a beautiful day and the water was calm so rowing was perfect. We rowed to Pebble Beach and had lunch there. We went swimming in the freezing cold water, but it was fun. I could tell you the rest but now it's Nick turn to write. ~ Ashley ~



Mike getting his tent set up in the dark



Nick, Alex and Kegan doing the same



Josh



Ian



Ashley



Hannah



While cooking supper Sunday night we had a few Luna moths around us.



Evening vespers in the kitchen



Alex



Josh and Tim rowing to Pebble Beach



The Human Pyramid with Kineo in the background



Hannah, Ashley, Alex and Kim



Corie



Nick



Tim



Jack jumping off 'Girl Scout Rock'



"Girl Scout Rock"



On the Kineo Golf Course



Josh watches a family of duck swim by



With the Heron anchored we have Morning Watch off Farm Island on our way to Socatean Bay



Rowing to the Moosehead River from Socatean Bay with Farm Island off the port side



The guitar with voices singing into the evenings



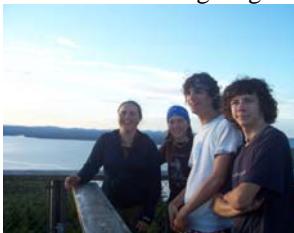
Andrew and Ashley singing at an evening Vespers



Nick at the tiller



Kegan gives the thumbs up





Andrew



Morning Watch



Nick and Kegan rock our souls at an evening Vespers



Campfire and s' mores

Tuesday, afternoon July 10

We ate lunch at Pebble Beach, a mixture of sandwiches and fruit. We then took the traditional walk around the island. On the way, we attempted the human pyramid. Whether we were successful or not is questionable, but there were many sore backs after the event. We continued on to Girl Scout Rock, and had a photo op and took turns jumping off.

We made our way back to the boats and stopped at the cliffs before returning home. The cliff consists of a treacherous climb arriving at a short and sudden drop. The majority of us went, but some kids took longer than others as the height can instill fear in even the hardest hearts.

Back at camp, Kegan and I cooked a luscious meal of beans and hot dogs, which was followed by an uplifting vespers service by Hannah and Ian. The day concluded with guitar and singing courtesy of "Jack-attach", and we eventually made our way to bed.

The Journey Continues.... ~ Nick ~



Ian getting a hair cut from Corie and Ashley



Jack rests on the shore of Moosehead Lake

Wednesday morning, July 11

Wednesday was a dreary day. Nick and Ashley cooked us a breakfast of oatmeal and honeydew melon, and then Ashley and Kim led us in morning watch. Kego and I heroically sacrificed our bodies and our minds for the group as we pumped water for hours on end while the sky darkened to an ominous gray-black hue. While the atmosphere was dark, the troops on the home front attempted to keep their morale high. Little did they know that the storm of the century, as well as their impending doom, loomed. ~ Tim ~

Wednesday afternoon and night, July 11

A poem by Kegan Zema

After a lunch of some chicken
we decided to head to the field
the football game raged on with fury
the opposing teams refused to yield

Soon the shirts were removed
and bare-chests ruled the day
the sun was still high
and we wanted to play

And though in the end
victory only went to one
it was apparent
that we all had some fun

We raced to the water
our bodies drenched in sweat
and let our screams of surprise
it was cold and it was wet

We lay on the beach
our bodies half bare
then Ian decided
to cut his hair

But after the ground
was covered with locks
we decided to head
towards the quarry of rocks

We trekked on for hours
it was hot, it was long
but everyone knew
they had to go on



Kegan



At Pebble Beach



Nick

And then we stopped
and looked up at it's glory
then we all started
to climb up the quarry

The rocks were piled high
and were sharper than knives
we knew we were risking
our adventurous lives

When we got to the top
we could gaze out for miles
but if one looked at our faces
all they'd see were smiles

Soon enough though
it was time to retreat
and head back to our camp
for a delicious treat

The fire was burning
the flames licked high
the time for s'mores
had come to be nigh

The marshmallows so gooey
the chocolate so rich
the taste took our minds
of the bug bites that itches

For vespers that night
Nick and I led the group
and warmed everyone's soul
with some great "Chicken Soup"

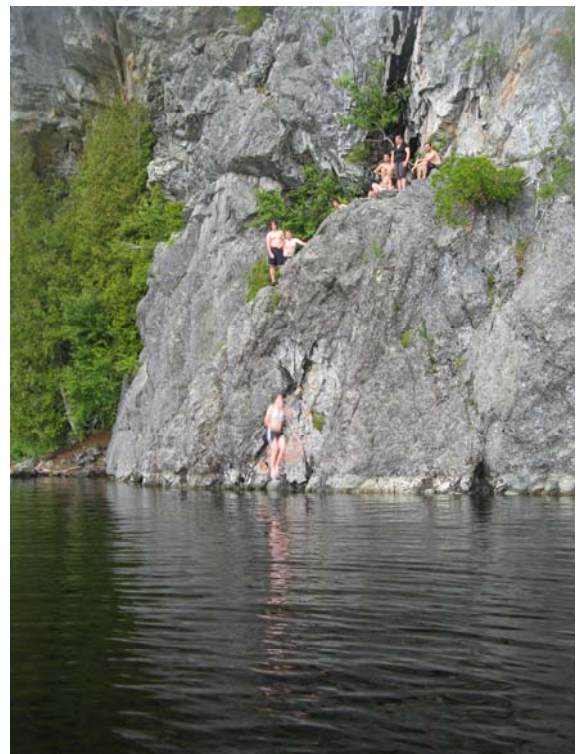
But then it got late
and it started to rain
so we went off to bed
hoping the weather would change



Andrew



Kim



Hannah about to enter the water

Thursday morning July12

I awoke Thursday morning, my body curled into a ball from a vain attempt at trying to keep warm the previous night. I rose and shook my arm which was half-asleep and filled with pulsating pain from having been slept on in an extremely awkward position. Flashes of the night before events filled my mind..Kegan...dancing...boxers...strobelight. I quickly erased the thought from my mind and hurriedly opened the tent door to make my way to our morning feast. I sat at the table adjacent to our fearless leader Mike Seavey. We consumed a hearty-man breakfast of peach pancakes before we set off on a ten-hour row. After gorging with delicious pancakes Ian and I rushed off to begin the grueling task of pumping water. The pumps were strong, but our biceps were stronger. We overcame the challenge with ease. There was much commotion as Josh and Andrew laid their gear out to dry because it had been soaked from the previous night's rain storm. We packed our lunch into the boat and set off on our voyage. We rowed for an hour or so before we stopped on Farm Island for our morning watch. After a righteous service praising the glory of Jesus, we took our oars once more and continued the long, hard row to the swamps.

~ Alex ~



Kim with the Pirate Flag



Ian running with the Pirate Flag



Nick gets a hit



Andrew hits one





Corie gets a hit



Jack in good batting form



Andrew pitches a fast ball



"...gaze on for miles"



Moose spotting



Ian gives Corie rabbit ears



"...sharper than knives"



"...all we could see were smiles"



Alex and Ian cooking French toast for breakfast



Morning at Hardscrabble Point



Andrew catching some Socatean zzzzz's



Kim catching some Socatean zzzzz's



Kim, Corie and Jack as the Charlie's Angels



Socatean zzzzz's



Bald Eagle

Thursday afternoon July 12

With morning watch long behind us and the monotony of 15 minute rotations in the boat consuming our very thoughts, spirits remained surprisingly high.

The plan was to row to Socatean Bay and bask in the sun while hopefully spotting some wildlife. While the wind made this leg of the journey quite difficult, we were all rewarded with the rare chance to see two or three bald eagles and a plethora of moose.

The location we chose for lunch was a dead tree that we managed to tie a rope to. The meal consisted of peanut butter and jelly, some sort of tuna salad, and cream cheese on a mixture of breads. It wasn't five star dining, but it definitely hit the spot.

Lunch left us all feeling sluggish, so we let Josh, Corie and "Jack-attack" row while the rest of us napped for a half hour or so. After Mike's hat and towel fell overboard, (I saved the hat, the towel is sleepin' with da' fishes) we were all awake and ready to row some more. Some rowed while the other campers did their best to construct a make-shift sail out of two oars, a tarp and some rope. If the wind hadn't changed directions, this silly looking contraption would have greatly helped us, but instead its large size left us with four rowers and just hindered us. Eventually, sense was talked into the sail-builders and we began our journey to the Moose River store in earnest. Once we arrived, we bought a waffle bat and ball along with pints of Ben & Jerry's. I had the Magic Brownies. It took us a long-time to row back with full stomachs, but we realized we had rowed for ten hours and covered approximately 19 miles. Wow.

We ended the night officially with a relaxing vespers service and a hodgepodge of the week's left-overs for dinner. After hours was a different story, however. The festivities continued Kegan singing a lovely song with only four strings and some star "gazing". The day was extremely eventful and I'm sure we all slept quite soundly.

Notes:

- Pirate flag on back of boat
- So many songs (show tunes, 80's, 90's Disney songs)
- Real bad sunburns

~ Hannah ~

Friday morning July 13

Morning all, this morning started was odd. It started out real well but quickly went bad. We played Mancala and did hemp a lot. Andrew and Tim swam around the point (naked). Alex and I made French toast and bacon, it was interesting. ~ Ian ~

Friday afternoon and evening July 13

At about noon the camp played waffle ball in the field. It was a very close game, but the French-ticklers beat the Pecan Pleasures 7-6. After the game we rowed over to Farm Island where we had chicken salad sandwiches for lunch and made fun of some people tubing on the lake. We rowed back and it began to rain, so we quickly unloaded the boat and a group of people (myself included) holed up in Ashley and Kim's tent and played Uno. Ian won, and we ate a bag of Doritos that Hannah had left over from the Forks. After that, we had a quick spaghetti dinner with salad and garlic bread (which wasn't very garlicky) and we then began the hike up Mount Kineo. The underbrush was very wet, and we all were soaked. Some people were faster than others. I was in the lead. We stopped at an observation point for some photos and proceeded to the fire tower. The stairs were very slippery because of the rain, but the view from the top was breathtaking, all of Moosehead Lake stretched out under us. Many photos were taken and we

watched the sun set. We began our descent after some yummy trail mix that Corie had brought. The rocks were very wet and we stopped once more for a prayer and sang “kumbaya”. The group split into two groups before we got off the mountain and one group talked about colleges. Once everyone had returned, we warmed up some water and watched the slide show. It was very nice reliving some of the memories. We retired shortly afterwards and I got to sleep in the Gentlemen’s Club for the first time. I fell asleep very quickly. ~ Andrew ~



Above – Kim at sunset



Right – Group photo on the hike up Kineo

Below – Sunset pictures from the fire tower on Kineo



Bottom – Group hug on Kineo looking North





Sunset on Kineo

Saturday, July 14

I was actually the first one up this morning! I got up at 6:50am and beat Mike by :20min, I was surprised as he's been the first to move in the morning the whole week!

We got all the food out and ready; cold cereal & pop tarts. Then we began the grueling job of breaking camp and packing the boats. We did pretty well and were done and ready to launch by 11:30 A.M. A little late, but not too far off. We hit the oars with a vengeance and were making great time until we rounded the point and got socked with a strong headwind. What took us an hour to travel on Saturday, took us two hours to get back. The closer we got to the boat launch, the harder the wind seemed to blow. If we had additional supplies, I would have considered turning around and staying another week!

Once ashore, we got the boats on the trailers, unloaded a fair amount of gear into the truck and headed to the Black Frog in Greenville for lunch. Food that was prepared by other people that we didn't have to clean up after...what a treat. I think we scared the staff with our rousing rendition of Johnny Appleseed. We even had the cooks coming out to see what all the commotion was. Conversation, laughter and good food. Fantastic.

We were off to PL by 3:30 and got there at 6pm. Again we had to do the grueling task of unloading and putting everything away. Once more with the group photos, hugs and goodbyes to the Seniors; Nick, Ian, Kegan and Tim. We wish you well and we look forward to seeing the rest of the crew next summer. The 2007 Wilderness Awakenings Camp is successfully complete.

~ Corie ~



"Hands That Row"



Memories